

Edgefield Advertiser.

"We will cling to the Pillars of the Temple of our Liberties, and if it must fall, we will perish amidst the ruins."

VOLUME VI.

EDGEFIELD ADVERTISER
BY
A. F. DURISOE, PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.

Three Dollars per annum, if paid in advance—Three Dollars and Fifty Cents if not paid before the expiration of Six Months from the date of Subscription—and Four Dollars if not paid within twelve Months. Subscribers out of the State are required to pay in advance.

No subscription received for less than one year, and no paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Publisher.

All subscriptions will be continued unless otherwise ordered before the expiration of the year.

Any person procuring five Subscribers and becoming responsible for the same, shall receive the sixth copy gratis.

Advertisements conspicuously inserted at 62½ cents per square, (12 lines, or less,) for the first insertion, and 43½ cts. for each continuation. Those published monthly, or quarterly will be charged \$1 per square for each insertion. Advertisements not having the number of insertions marked on them, will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

All communications addressed to the Editor, post paid, will be promptly and strictly attended to.

PROPOSALS

For publishing by subscription, at Edgefield, C. H. A Semi-Monthly Agricultural Paper, entitled

The Plough Boy.

Supposing to the public a Prospectus of an Agricultural Paper, the subscriber is well aware of the many objections which will be started against it; such as often trenching on a subject, and goading to terminate the existence of such a paper as it were their ultimate object to appear. Knowing all the uses and wants of our countrymen in necessary articles, we have the words of this nation's best received assurances from a number of geometers, who are in the Science of Agriculture, of their assistance in his undertaking; he hopes to be enabled to nurse it through its infancy, and by the aid of our enlightened Agriculturalists, he has but little fear that it will eventually reach maturity.

But such a work is wanted, in this section of our country, none will do. No Agricultural paper is at present published in this State, and those published at a distance, are difficult of access, to most of our Planters and Farmers, on account of the heavy charge of postage, and uncertainty of the mails.

The Plough Boy will be entirely devoted to Agriculture, and all exertions will be made to give the best selections from other papers, and to obtain Original Communications from our oldest Planters and Farmers, on that subject. No pains will be spared to make it a complete Text Book for Southern Agriculturists.

WM. F. DURISOE.

TERMS:

The Plough Boy, will be published Semi-Monthly, and each number will contain sixteen pages, royal octavo; making a volume of four hundred and sixteen pages, yearly, exclusive of an Alphabetical Index, at the end of each volume.

The first number will be issued on the first Saturday in July, and mailed regularly to subscribers.

The price of subscription will be \$1 50 per annum, four copies for \$5, and ten copies for \$10; payable in all cases, in advance.

The last page of The Plough Boy, will be reserved for the insertion of any Advertisements, which may be sent, relative to Agriculture, but none others.

If Postmasters are requested to act as Agents for the work; and all persons wishing to subscribe, will please forward their names and Post Office by the 25th of June.

All Advertisers addressed to the publisher must be paid.

May 6 1841.

YELLOW HOUSE,

AND
General Drug Store.
Centre-street, Hamburg, S. C., opposite the
OLD AMERICAN HOTEL.

GARVIN & HAINES,

[Successors to H. R. Cook & Co.]
KEEP constantly on hand, at the above
House, a general assortment of
DRUGS, MEDICINES, INSTRUMENTS,
PERFUMERY, PAINTS, OILS, DYES,
STUFFS, HATTER'S MATE,
REALS, WINDOW GLASS, &c.

All of which they offer at the lowest prices,
and on credit, to sum purchasers.

If Physician's and family prescriptions will receive prompt and faithful attention, at all hours, day and night. All orders executed with neatness and dispatch.

A supply of warranted fresh Garden Seeds, always on hand, suited to the season.

L. P. GARVIN, M. D.
Wm. Haines, Jas.
J. H. Murray, M. D.
Hamburg, S. C., Feb 8, 1841.

Feb. 10

NEW GOODS.

JOHN C. B. FORD,
HAS just received from New York, a full
stock of fashionable Goods.

Spring and Summer Goods,
Containing, beside his usual supply of Staple, Domestic Goods, a handsome assortment of fine Lawns, Muslins, and Lace Goods; Printed London Light Prints, fashions of 1841; Printed Swiss Muslins, and Printed Lawns; Damask Satin, Embroidered Lace, and Fiber Shawls; and of all kinds of Fancy Goods, his assortment is more than ever varied, and complete. To those acquainted with his estimate of "an arrangement," he deems this sufficient without an enumeration of articles—fresh supplies being received by almost every arrival.

Country Merchants supplied at unusually low rates.

Hamburg, April 5, 1841.

ff 10

THE Friends of Capt. E. W. Perry,
announce him as a Candidate for Tax Collector for this District.

March 4.

ff 5



Poetic Recessional.

From the Augusta Mirror.

The following beautiful effusion taken from the Southern Literary Messenger, for April, like all the productions of Amelia, is distinguished for purity and gentleness of thought, and a sweetnes of expression almost inimitable. Its quiet melody—its dream-like and spiritual beauty—and tones of bewitching tenderness come over the heart.

"Like softest music heard in sleep,"

"Like the low claim of the distant waves
By Spring's soft breakings stirred."

MUSINGS,
BY AMELIA, OR LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

I wandered out one summer night—

"Twas when my vens were few;

The breeze was singing in the light
And I was singing too.

The moonbeams lay upon the hill
The shadows in the vale;

And here and there a leaping till
Was laughing at the gale.

One sleepy cloud upon the air
Was all that met my eyes;

I floated like a vapor there;

Beween the mists and the skies
I stepped on clouds and waded wild.

As I roamed there I flew;

For I was a careless child,

And did as children do.

The waves came dancing over the sea
I sang and gathering bands;

The little children wade with glee;

They leaped over dappled bands;

They leaped over dappled drops of dew;

They kissed my feet as quick as thought

Away the ripples flew.

The twilight hours had birds flew by,
As lightly and as free;

Ten thousand stars were in the sky,

For every wave with dappled check

That leaped upon the air.

Had caught a star in its embrace

And held it trembling there.

The young moon too, with upturned sides,

Her mirror'd beauty gave;

And as a bark at anchor rises,

She rode upon the wave.

The sea was like the heaven above,

As perfect and as white.

Save that it seemed to thrill with love

As thrills the immortal soul.

The leaves, by spirit voices stir'd,

Made murmur on the air—

Low murmur, that my spirit heard,

And awed with a prayer;

For 'twas upon the dewy sod,

Beside the morning seas;

I learned at last to worship God,

And sing such strains as these.

The flowers, all folded to their dreams,

Were housed in slender bower;

By breezy hills and murmuring streams,

Wherever they chanced to be.

No guilty tears had they to weep;

They closed their eyes, and went to sleep,

Right in the face of heaven.

No costly raiment could them shame,

No jewels from the seas;

Yet Solomon array'd them not;

Was never array'd like these;

And just as free from guilt and art,

Were lovely human flowers.

Ere sorrow set her bleeding heart

On this fair world of ours.

I have heard the laughing wind behind,

A playing with my hair—

The breezy fingers of the wind,

How cool and moist they were!

I heard the night bird warbling o'er

Its soft enchanting strain—

I never heard such sounds before;

And never shall again.

Then wherefore weave such strains as these;

And sing them day by day,

When every bird open the bower;

Can sing a sweeter lay?

I'd give the world for their sweet art,

The simple, the divine;

I'd give the world to melt one heart,

As they have melted mine.

Agricultural.

From the Southern Agriculturist.

ON THE USE OF LIME AS MANURE.

Mr. Editor:—It is unfortunately true

in the character of the Southern Planter

that he regards all novelties with suspicion.

Any departure from the practice of his fathers, or his neighborhood, he considers

dangerous, and the generality will deride

as vain theory, the efforts of the man who

will have the courage to make an innovation

upon established precedents, or to violate

a rule dictated by one of the patriarchs of a neighborhood.

This cautious spirit if united to a liberal

enterprise, is highly commendable; he who

possesses it will incur no rash risks, while

he will avail himself of all the lights of

modern research; but unfortunately we

too generally find the caution without the

enterprise.—The sneer of the practical man

withers the energy of the enthusiastic speculator, and the old routine of practice continues to be popular because nothing short

of absolute demonstration will convince

the man of practice that the theorist is not a madman.

In your editorial career you have suffered

from this prevailing spirit. The prac-

tical man will not write, because he has

nothing new to communicate. His practice

is the same now as it was yesterday, and

as he thinks it will be to-morrow, and is

known to all engaged in the same pursuit.

The speculator dare not write, because he

knows that the first question which will be

asked when his essay shall have been read,

will be—What sort of a planter is he? How

does his practice square with his theory?

Is he a practical man? If the answer to

this question be not satisfactory, he will be

condemned as one who presumptuously

pretends to teach, while he ought yet to be

sitting at the feet of Gaudentius. "He writes

better than he plants." If a more dangerous

specimen of faint praise were ever uttered,

I have not had the misfortune to hear it.

My imagination